HAPPY ON VACANT LOT FARMS

EXPERIENCES OF CITY FOLKS IN TENTS IN THE BRONX.

Enthusiastic Reports From the Settlement Started by Bolton Hall—Big Families Healthy and Contented Under Canvas—Gardening Healthful and Profitable.

When Bolton Hall and some others projected a farming settlement of sixty-five acres in The Bronx last spring for the purpose of demonstrating the ease with which a comfortable living may be had out of the soil, prophecies were plenty that long before the end of the summer most of the campers would fold their tents and silently steal away. These prophecies, to be sure, were based on the assumption that every one of the hundred persons who got the privilege of cultivating a bit of ground there would bring his family, his lares and penates and live on the premises, and also that all of them would belong to the class of New York's population which "likes peoples better as stumps," to quote the reply made by a harassed German woman to a well meaning missionary bent on transferring her and her children to an unpopulated country place.

This assumption, it turns out, was quite unfounded, so naturally the prophecies referred to have failed.

Only seventeen of the applicants for plots of ground have to date made good their expressed intention of tenting on the farm, and these include several persons to whom the experience of camping is not at all new and who have never undergone the excitement of living in a crowded East or West Side district of Manhattan. And so far none of the seventeen has intimated an intention of leaving the farm before the end of the summer. Several, on the contrary, declare that they mean to stay where they are till cold weather drives them away.

There are a school teacher and her sister, whose camp of two small tents represents the maximum of style and comfort at the settlement and who must abandon farm life when the public schools open, but the other tenters are families, the length of whose stay depends only on personal inclination or the time the man of the household is willing to be a commuter, for there are only two men among the campers not regularly employed, and there are several whose work keeps them away from their families from noon till midnight.

As for the other eighty-three beneficiaries of the farm settlement, most of whom spend only a day or two every week there, cultivating their half acre or so, and some of whom are comfortably off, the majority will probably continue their regular visits till the winter potatoes and late corn are harvested, only a very small percentage having failed to work the ground for all it is worth.

Exactly what the sentiments of these persons are respecting the returns of their farming may never be known, but it is easy enough to learn the opinion of the campers at the settlement on the subject. Question a man on the topic and he gets enthusiastic at once as to the pleasure and profit of life on the farm, to say nothing of its healthfulness and the ease with which even women and children, almost unaided, can cause succulent beans, tender corn and mealy potatoes to spring from the soil. A visit to the farm will disabuse any unprejudiced mind of the idea that farming is hard.

"You just put a spade down like that," said a cheery Irish-American woman, suiting the action to the word, "then turn over the earth so, drop in your bit of potato, cover it over and before you know it the thing is sprouting through the earth."

This explanation was made to a stranger, a woman fond of camp life, who, with some misgivings as to her reception, took a stroll through the settlement, bent on getting data about tenting and cooperative farming at first hand. It was midday and none of the tenters was on dress parade.

Women were getting the noon meal, older children were busy carrying water from the spring and minding smaller brothers and sisters and the men, whose working shift is from early afternoon till midnight, sat waiting for their dinner. As she proceeded the visitor's misgivings vanished. She was received with cordiality by the campers, whole families with alacrity turning themselves into a bureau of information as to the best place to pitch a tent, the best sort of vegetables to plant, the immunity of the farm from predatory animals, two and four legged, and the healthy appetite and sound sleep awaiting a tent dweller in that particular farm settlement.

"Talk about your Adirondacks and your White Mountains," said a father of six children, the oldest of whom is 10. "There's a man with his wife and two children over in that tent who when he came here last May was so weak he couldn't carry a small hand satchel.

"Said I, when I saw him, 'He looks more fit for a hospital than for camping out and farming.' Now he can work hours every day on his patch of ground and he begins to look rugged and hearty.

"'This air,' says he to me the other day, 'beats any I ever tried, and I have been over a good bit of this country.'"

During her tour the visitor came to the conclusion that nothing disagreeable had ever happened at the farm, for the reason that not a tenter had anything disagreeable to relate. The nearest approach to a complaint came from the women, who regretted that the pump and spring were so far away from most of the tents. Most of them, though, hastened to add:

"But of course one must expect some inconveniences when camping out."

It was a barefoot girl of 10 going to fetch a pail of water who first directed the visitor where to go.

"Most of the tents are down that way," she said, "and the gardens are further off. Our garden, though, is quite near our tent, which is the round one at the end. Yes, I work in the garden some. I weed it."

"Mother says hurry up and get the water, screamed a five-year-old barefoot girl running along the path, and her sister hurried away to the pump.

The five-year-old, with composure, took up the conversation and escorted the woman toward the family tent, situated near a tree, whose shade was eked out with a canopy of branches supported by stout poles stuck in the ground and cross pieces. Under this protection were two small hammocks, with a youngster in each, and the dinner table and a dish closet of rough boards was nailed against the trunk of the tree.

Under a smaller and lower canopy of branches supporting a roof of pieces of old tin was an iron stove on which three pots were boiling comfortably. The round tent, about twelve feet in diameter, held four beds, a bench or two, a trunk, a mirror, some shelves and pegs.

A SETTLER'S CAMP

ONE OF THE FARMS

In this camp, the type of most of the others on the farm, live a family consisting of father, mother and six children, whose city quarters are in a populous tenement. The pride of this family, it was easy to see, was the half acre, not the camp.

"Show the lady the garden," said the wife, continuing busily to prepare beans for the pot, and her husband obediently led the way to rows of lettuce, corn, beets and potatoes growing thriftily.

"My wife and children have done most of the work, because I haven't much time except on Sundays," said the man.

"Have you or they been accustomed to the work?" asked the visitor.

"We never before did any farm work, but it's easy to learn," put in the wife, who left her beans cooking and joined the party. "The soil here is good and everything we planted grew fast from the start. The corn is fine and we had a splendid crop of string beans.

"Yes, weeding is hard work and there is a lot of it to do always, but it can be done a little at a time.

"It makes one thin enough. I have lost

"I am getting them ready for winter," she explained. "A German camper showed me how. We shall take home enough beans and potatoes to last us all winter and [proudly] I have done most of the work of raising them, helped by my little girl, who would rather dig than wash dishes any day."

The little girl smiled assent to this.

"We were late with the planting, too, because my husband had very little time to give to the garden when we first came, and I was afraid to go ahead alone, even when the overseer told me what things to plant."

"It's not a bit hard to make a garden," chimed in the nine-year-old with a superior air. "No, it's not hard to dig up the ground, even. I like to dig."

"I never did see any work agree so wonderfully with a child," the mother resumed. "Before coming here hardly a day passed without her crying with earache, and since the evening we arrived she has not had it once, even on damp, rainy days. Her appetite is something wonderful, too.

"None of the three girls has had a cold and there has not been a single case of illness among the children in the settlement either."

"Is this the tent you made?" put in the visitor, as the woman paused to eye with satisfaction her three small daughters.

"This is the one," she admitted smilingly.

"How in the world did you ever have the courage to undertake anything so big and elaborate?" persisted the visitor, noticing that it was a wall tent fully 12 by 16 feet and made with no end of overlapped sections finished with double rows of stitching.

"Because we couldn't buy a good tent of this size for less than $20, and we did not have the money to spare. There is seventy-three yards of canvas in this tent. We could not come without a tent, so I went all around to the places where tents are sold, looked at them carefully, bought the canvas and went to work with the help of an ordinary sewing machine.

"My sitting room furniture I sent to my mother, who said she would take care of it for me, and when the room was empty I began making my tent. I brought the rest of our furniture out here, storing some pieces in the overseer's barn, and I hope to stay here till October, which will save five months rent.

"We were among the first six or seven tenters to come, and for a few days I felt very lonely, missing the excitement of the streets and of near neighbors; but before long I was too busy to be lonely, and gardening makes one tired enough to go to bed by 8 o'clock. I guess everybody in the place goes to bed soon after dark."

In the absence of her daughter the schoolteacher's mother, a visitor for the day, did the honors of the tents.

"We don't live in a crowded part of the city," said she, "but my daughter finds that this sort of life rests her more than anything else. She is an all around houseworker, as well as a first class teacher, and she enjoys gardening as much as playing on the piano or painting, both of which she can do remarkably well.

"The only help she has had in her half acre is from her fourteen-year-old nephew, who comes to spend the day occasionally. There's nothing like gardening to patch up the nerves, she says.

"Of course this experiment proves that any family can support themselves, or do a lot toward it, by raising vegetables," said the wife of the overseer of the farm, who lives with her husband and six children in an old wooden structure on the edge of the settlement which borders on Bronxdale avenue.

"For instance, our share of ground is one acre, and although my husband has been so busy looking after the other plot holders, furnishing them with seeds, tools, advice, &c., that he has had to neglect his own plot, yet we sold $25 worth of vegetables during the first three weeks of July, besides feeding our own family. And the most paying part of the crop is yet to be sold."

"But suppose one has to pay rent for an acre or two of ground. What then?"

"Well, doesn't every family have to pay rent in the city? Pay even as much rent in the country for rooms and a plot of ground and there is a chance of making enough from the plot to pay the rent, anyway, and without asking help from the man of the family, who would be free to do other work.

"And think what a chance that would be for the children. Look at my children, who have been here only since March."

The visitor looked and was convinced.

"Why is it, then," she inquired, when the overseer's wife cordially remarked that she must come next spring, set up a tent and begin gardening, "that so few of the hundred persons now cultivating a half acre or more on this farm are living on the premises?"

"The principal reason is this. Lots of the very people the owners of this farm most want to reach have not yet heard anything about it, or at least they had not heard of it last spring, when the farm was started. They don't read the newspapers, so they didn't see it advertised.

"Then, many of those who did apply meant at the time to move for the summer to the farm and afterward found it impossible to carry out that plan, while others asked for the privilege of a piece of ground to farm, even though they could not move their family up here.

"As the scheme was so new and there was no use of having any ground lying idle no one was turned away who could be supplied. Therefore I suppose some people are using plots who can very well afford to buy all the vegetables they need.

"Next year things will be different, of course, because the farm will be better known then. No, not a quarrel or a case of sickness occurred in the settlement this summer. Come early next spring and you can have a half acre to cultivate and welcome."

SUMMER DRESS IS CARELESS.

INFORMALITY THE KEYNOTE IN MAN AND WOMAN.

Summer Girl Wears a Sun Bonnet, Summer Boy Goes Bare Headed—An Athletic Appearance More Important Than Neatness—Women Less Reckless of Sun.

Summer dress may always be informal. It may even seem untidy at times—that is to say, it would be untidy at any other season.

In summer men who at other seasons would keep themselves like four pins let the bars down. With men under a certain age deliberate slouchiness is sought. The undergraduate who turns back the brim of his panama until it stands almost vertical in front and then runs it down over the back of his neck is just as unconventional in other features of his dress.

The hat trick comes straight from the banks of the Thames, where the front brim is turned up into the air while the back brim curls protectingly over the neck. This solicitude to protect the back of the neck from the sun is an English trait. It is not confined exclusively to either sex.

In the days of her youth Queen Victoria invented a hat to be worn on the royal yacht which not only protected her eyes from the glare of the sun, but swept down sympathetically over the nape of her neck. That style is the most popular in England to-day. The young men who punt on the Thames have this same apprehension for the backs of their necks and turn down their panamas as a precaution.

The fashion, like every other one that appertains to the dress of men and is born in England, has travelled to this country. It is virulent now in every summer resort on the Atlantic coast.

Other features of man's summer dress in this year of grace tend to emphasize the appearance of carelessness. The soft collar of silk or linen or even of flannel is perhaps a little more formal in look than the bogus stocks which men were formerly accustomed to wrap about their necks. Swathed in these bands of colored oxford cloth, especially after they had lost their first freshness, the masculine neck looked as untidy as it well could.

The real stock, clean and crisp and well tied and worn with sporting or négligé dress, is as smart a form of neckwear as the average man can wear. On the other hand a band of colored linen cloth, crossed in front and held together by a safety pin, is the apogee of summer négligé.

These soft collars are not much more dressy than the fake stock. The difference between spickness and untidiness must not be forgotten, however unconventional in dress one may want to be. No informality in attire will excuse a man for not having his collar absolutely fresh and his white duck trousers free from fleck or stain. The same is true of all flannel clothes worn for summer négligé.

The soft collar is not very often fresh at the average seashore resort, and with the ends held together loosely by the stretching safety pin it sits limply on the shirt, slowly losing all the trig look that the pronounced style demands; but this year's summer man cares not.

It is a part of the business of a new summer man to look professionally athletic. He cannot do that and look tidy too. It is an indispensable part of the picture that his collar should be in disorder and that his white duck trousers should be wrinkled and stained until one unconsciously pities the laundress on looking at them.

Just as important as his tanned complexion and the carelessness of his dress is the pipe. He could not be a seriously athletic summer man without the pipe. Tan shoes that are sadly in need of polish, about his neck a silk handkerchief faded by the salt water and sun and a sweater that bears every mark of long usage—these are other details of summer dress.

Perhaps of all none is more essential than the sunburn, although that would be much less effective without the contributory features of carelessness and untidiness. The question of a hat need not worry the youthful type of summer man so long as he does not possess a near panama. He may go without anything at all on his head from morning to night and be even more in the prevailing summer mode than if he had a real panama.

To look like the most extreme example of the summer man of 1906, the formula seems to be to buy all the smartest things that are advertised by the tailors and haberdashers, to get them good and dirty once and to let them stay that way. The odor of tobacco in the strong form of a pipe or in the diluted scent of an American cigarette, adds a piquant touch to this make-up. Over all, there should be sunburn—sunburned hair that looks like hay, sunburned hands speckled with freckles and clothes with the color burned out of them.

Then there need not be any superfluity of clothes. The shirt unbuttoned at the neck and tied with a faded handkerchief may show no signs of any protecting garments under it. Even fancy socks have come under the disapproval of the very young summer man. They look too dressed up.

Inconspicuous socks, with perhaps a rent or two, are his taste. They show that he is too much occupied with many sports and his pipe to give attention to such small matters of dress.

His companion of this present summer has many similar views in matters of dress. She has become a little more careful, however, than she was.

Three summers ago she did not in the least object to freeing herself from the sway of the hat early in May. She went wherever she wanted to go with only her locks between her and the summer sun. She was just as indifferent to the freckles on the end of her nose.

I needed only one good season of that life to convince the majority of young women that the world does not come to an end every October. After that there were the winter months, and the traces of summer proved hard to efface.

Hair that had been dried by the sun until its sheen was gone and a dull yellow colored every look was not beautiful with a tiara perched on it, even if the tiara were bogus. Nor did a freckled nose and dark brown arms look well against a background of white tulle.

Such results of summer have their effect on the attire of the girl who wants to be most characteristic of the season. So the girl of his summer takes more precautions.

The locks no longer dry up in the sun nor do the arms tan like pale leather in its rays. A sunbonnet or a broad brimmed hat keeps the light and gloss in the hair and the sleeves are only occasionally turned up.

In other respects the summer girl away from Newport shows many of the characteristics that have marked summer dress in man this year. She is content with few clothes.

In Newport what she does wear will be as expensive as the best dressmaker can make it. Her hand embroidered shirt waist will be fine enough in the quality of its linen to be almost transparent without the assistance of the peekaboo apertures. With its fine embroidery the cost may easily range from $60 to $100.

The tailor made duck suit will not be likely to cost less than $100 if cut by one of the cracks in that line. There will not be much expensive detail in the rest of the costume, to judge by her appearance as she moves.

The summer girl in less formal places imitates her richer sister even if she wears only machine embroidered shirt waists and ready-made duck skirts. They are more suited anyhow to her summer pose.

It is like that of her men friends—carelessness in dress if not absolute untidiness. The chances are that as she walks up from the beach her white duck skirt will show the marks of salt water that got on there a week ago when she went out sailing in a high wind. Down the front of her shirt waist there may still be faint traces of the soda water that dripped on it when she and some of the other girls walked up that night with the men who came in on the yacht and took soda water at the village drug store. The sunbonnet may even droop over one eye from the effects of the bath it had the day it blew overboard.

Then the chances are also that there will be pins in one or two places where a girl less uncompromisingly summery would have stopped to take a few stitches. She will be found as much enslaved to the brass safety pin as her partner.

It will hold the skirt together behind and do service where the buttons suddenly disappeared from the back of the shirt waist that closes up on that side. Then she will have one stuck in the so-called stock that is bound about her neck like an old fashioned label about a bottle.

There are few details of the summer toilet in which she differs from the partner of her pleasures. They have apparently both followed the same rule this year. It seems to require that they should look sporty and thoroughly summery, and in those two qualities lies the secret of smartness in the summer of 1906.

SUMMER GIRL WEARS A SUN BONNET; SUMMER BOY GOES BARE HEADED.

FOR THE SUMMER SUN KISSED.

BLEACHING THE SKIN AN ART OF IMPORTANCE TO WOMAN.

A Clear Complexion the Thing to Be Aimed At—Its Color of Less Consequence—Milk Bleaches and Fruit Bleaches—Precautions to Take When Tanned.

"Not one person in five hundred," said a beauty specialist, "knows how to bleach the skin. Yet it is a thing that every woman ought to know.

"I visited a summer resort the other day and noticed there two women in particular. One had a skin as brown as a berry. She said it was from automobiling.

"The brown would not have been so bad if it had been a clear brown, but it was a thick, muddy color. The other had a blond skin covered with spots.

"For an expert it would have been no trouble at all to bleach the skin of either of these young women. As it was, they did not know what to do, and each thing they did made them look a little worse.

"I go on the principle that, no matter how dark the skin may be, you will be good looking, if only your skin is clear. The Japanese woman is as brown as a berry; yet she is pretty.

"The Cuban women are, many of them, a clear, ripe coffee color; yet they are beauties. The Malay women are as yellow as saffron, yet they are pretty because their skins are clear.

"It is easy to take a muddy skin and make it clear. With one customer I began by going over her face with a hot needle spray. This woke up the skin a little. Then I went over it with a very mild electric battery. The face scrubbing brush would have been just as good, but it would have taken too much time. Pinching the skin lightly with the finger tips also acts like an electric battery.

"Next I spread soap jelly upon the woman's face and I let it stand 15 minutes until the jelly had had time to sink in. Then I sprayed it off with hot water.

"The trouble with most faces is that they do not get washed enough. A wash cloth is not of much good, for it is too harsh, and a sponge is little better. The finger tips are best, and they should be followed with a vigorous spraying. The facial spray is the best thing that was ever used upon the skin.

"For my facial spray I use something much like a bath spray, except that it is finer. This seems to wake up the skin as nothing else in the world will do.

"Then, after I had sprayed the face of the woman with the muddy skin, I rubbed in enough skin food to fill out the pores again. I had robbed them of their natural oils by washing them so harshly, and I had to restore the texture of the skin.

"There are women whose faces need to be bleached at least once a day. One of my patients so situated uses ripe strawberries for the purpose, alternating with a few bruised lettuce leaves.

"One day she takes the lettuce leaves, breaks them and rubs them on her face. The next day she takes a soft berry and goes over her skin with it. She keeps doing this all the year around.

"In certain months she uses a ripe cucumber. She cuts it, rubs the juice on her face and then washes it off in warm water.

"There are various ways of bleaching the skin. I have one patient who makes it a practice to bleach her skin with a mixture called carbolized face wash. It is good, but one must be careful.

"To make a carbolized face wash requires a little knowledge of drugs. The proportion is something like ten drops to a big basin of warm water. This bleaches the face and neck and hands in the most wonderful manner.

"There are good bleaches, though, that can be made without going to the drug store. One of these is corn meal bleach.

"Take enough corn meal to fill an after dinner coffee cup. Let it be the plain yellow meal ground very fine. There ought to be no lumps in it, and no roughness. It should be as soft as face powder.

"Next take a basin of boiling water and add a teaspoonful of borax powder to it. Into this throw the cup of corn meal. Let it stand a little while and strain.

"Use this mixture upon the face and hands. It will make them soft and white. The same is true of ordinary oatmeal. It is very soothing to the skin.

"I try to bleach the skin with the fruit and vegetable bleaches, because they are pretty sure to be harmless. The juice of a 3 cent head of lettuce squeezed into a bowl of water, with an equal amount of hot water added, will do a great deal for a skin that is dark and ugly.

"The red and sun burned skin requires entirely different treatment. If your skin is red and looks as though it had been burned, it must be treated at once. It must have its coat of skin food and this skin food must be of the very best kind.

"In the summer time every ray of sunshine means a wrinkle unless the skin is treated afterward. Girls who go out in the sun should take warning.

"The skin becomes burned; it then grows wrinkled; in time it begins to crack and peel; and in a little while the skin comes off, leaving a ragged, ugly surface. Don't let your skin get burned if you can help it.

"The buttermilk bath is the best bleach in the world. Take enough buttermilk to fill a tub and get into it. The recipe is simplicity itself. Ten quarts ought to be enough. It will whiten the skin and make you look like a buttermilk beauty.

"The woman who invented the milk bath was a genius. But it is expensive. One or two a week is about all the most luxurious of summer girls can afford.

"There is a French buttermilk bath which is recommended by French beauties. The rule is something like this:

"Take one churnful of buttermilk and strain it to get out the floating particles of butter. Into a big tub put a quart of tepid water. Add the buttermilk. Get into the mixture and stay until you are bleached.

"The sour milk bath is the next best thing. It employs nothing but sour milk. The acid of the milk is supposed to penetrate the pores of the skin.

"Let the skin absorb all the milk that it will. Then rinse off the milk with warm water. This should be followed by a rub-down with some good skin powder.

"Skinning the face is not to be advised except for the worst of cases, and even in very bad instances it is an excellent plan to try the fruit bleaches and the vegetable bleaches first."

PRISCILLA'S DAUGHTER.

An Old House That Marks the Sequel to Miles Standish's Courtship.

There is a sequel to "The Courtship of Miles Standish" which Longfellow didn't refer to and which therefore is not so well known as the main part of the story. On the other hand there is more certainty about it.

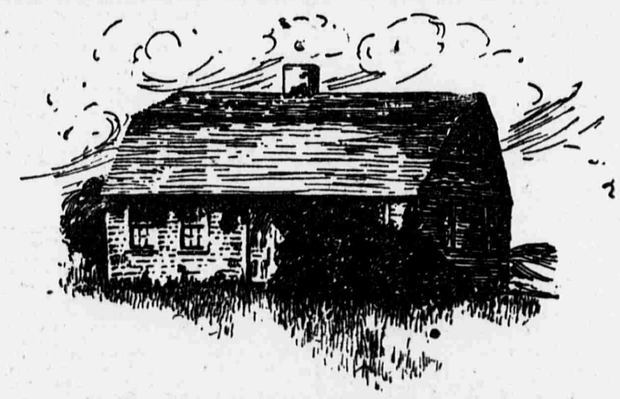
It will never be known positively whether the doughty old Captain of Plymouth did really send his young friend John Alden to woo the fair Priscilla for him or not, but we do know that John Alden and Priscilla were married, and that Sarah Alden, the daughter of John Alden and Priscilla, was afterward married to Alexander Standish, the son of Miles Standish.

If Priscilla refused the old Captain he took it philosophically, for the record testifies that he afterward married "Barbara, who came in the shippe Ann, in 1623." Alexander Standish was her son, for Rose, who lay under the grain fields, had no children.

It is certain that the two families were always friendly, for at a very early date they withdrew from Plymouth and built their homes in Duxbury, some nine miles distant. The Standishes and the Aldens were the first settlers of Duxbury, and their graves lie there to-day.

The Alden house is still standing, as is also Alexander Standish's house, which he built for Sarah Alden in 1666. Miles Standish's home was destroyed by fire and the son is said to have used some of the timbers from the ruins of his father's house in the construction of his own.

The date of the marriage of Sarah Alden to Alexander Standish is not known, but since Miles Standish died in 1656, it is doubtful if he lived to see the wedding of his son and the daughter of Priscilla.



HOUSE BUILT AT DUXBURY, MASS., IN 1666 BY ALEXANDER STANDISH, SON OF MILES STANDISH, FOR HIS WIFE, SARAH ALDEN, DAUGHTER OF PRISCILLA AND JOHN ALDEN.

AUTOS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Used for Government Transportation in Advance of the Railroad.

From the Manila Times.

To Baguio in an automobile! That is the latest. The autos have been cabled for and travellers for the mountains can have a ride from Dagupan to the summer capital, bag and baggage, in one of the new machines in the near future.

Charles Jenkins, the hustling hotel proprietor at Dagupan and Baguio, who holds the contract for Government transportation between those points, expects to have the machines on the road as soon as possible. Swinging suspension wire bridges have been constructed across the rivers and in a few months more the trip to the hill country over the Benguet road will be a pleasure.

It is expected that within another year a railroad line will be completed between Dagupan and Camp 1, at the entrance to the cañon, which will enable travellers from Manila to reach the hills in much less time than at present. With the completion of the railroad the automobiles will be placed on the road between Camp 1 and Baguio, a distance of about twenty-seven miles.

Transmission of Facial Characteristics.

From the North American Review.

It would appear that the transmission of facial traits is subordinate to a definite law, that is to say, that ancestral facial expression and appearance are more often than not transmitted through the female members of a family, who generally do not exhibit the same characteristics to the male offspring, and that the younger generations show, as a rule, all the facial conditions and signs which were present in a remote ancestor.

BRYAN HAS A RIVAL.

He's Out in Iowa Campaigning With a Silk Hat and a Wheelbarrow.

Andrew Townsend Hisey, the originator of "secular government" and candidate for Governor of Iowa by petition, started yesterday on his wheelbarrow campaign of the State.

He carries about fifty pounds of baggage with him, says the Clinton (Ia.) *Herald*. All of it is his literature, except a waterproof bandbox for the protection of his silk hat from now and then showers and also to protect his petition to the Executive Council to get his name on the ballot.

He is taking a northwesterly course, making Sioux City his objective point. On arriving there he will at once interview Mr. Perkins and expects after a few moments conversation with the sage of the Northwest to get him to withdraw.

Having accomplished this, he will take a southeasterly course to Des Moines, where he will appear in the executive chamber and proceed to secure the withdrawal of Gov. Cummins. This he expects he will do with but little trouble.

During his trip he will spend his nights at farmhouses, thus getting in perfect touch with the great rural elements of the State.

Mr. Hisey has great ambitions, as he expects to be a candidate for President in 1908. He declares that he is the only man who can defeat Col. Bryan, and that when elected he will take care of Mr. Perkins, Major Rathbun and Gov. Cummins.